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SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.
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SPECIAL AGENT, Tribune Building
Chicago Representative, CHARLES A. BARNARD
Bureau Building.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1908.

Pass the Publicity Bill.

Secretary Taft and Mr. Bryan, the leading candidates of their respective parties for the Presidential nomination, are both squarely on record as favoring a campaign publicity bill. Mr. Bryan has often urged the passage of such a bill in his speeches and in his paper, and Mr. Taft, in the letter to Senator Burrows, now made public, comes out strongly for the measure pending at the time the letter was written, as calculated to eliminate corruption in politics. Mr. Taft does not directly respond to Mr. Bryan's suggestion that Congress be appealed to for the passage of a publicity bill, but it may be assumed that Mr. Bryan's telegram and the Secretary's reply thereto constitute in themselves sufficient indication to Congress of the anxiety of the two men most likely to be the principal Presidential candidates for the enactment of legislation designed to stamp out electoral corruption.

The attitude of these two men should have weight enough with Congress to secure the passage of a publicity bill divested of any partisan feature. Democratic members of both Houses are for the bill, and we should think the Republican majority would be convinced of the political desirability of going before the country with a profession of willingness to have the Presidential campaign conducted, as to all financial matters, open and aboveboard. Some months ago the opinion was generally held that there would be little fat-lying in the approaching campaign; that it promised to be entirely free from the corruption that had characterized certain former elections. It is significant to note that, in the light of various performances on the part of the House majority and the obvious efforts of Mr. Taft's overzealous friends to conciliate powerful financial interests, this opinion has undergone considerable revision. It is becoming evident enough that the Republican campaign chest will not be empty, and that there will be ample opportunity to finance the election according to the disreputable methods formerly in vogue. Mr. Taft has made it plain that he is not personally in favor of these methods, being perfectly willing that they be made impossible by giving publicity to all campaign contributions and expenditures. We should think Republicans generally would see the political advantage of conducting the campaign on the higher moral level demanded by the awakened public conscience of the day.

There is ample time to pass the publicity bill before Congress adjourns, and it ought to be done. We call upon all friends of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan in Congress to make a special endeavor to secure the passage of an adequate non-partisan measure that will require publicity in the collection and expenditure of national campaign funds.

The baseball season has already reached the point-with-pride and view-with-alarm stage.

Gov. Johnson Takes a Dive.

We invite Mr. Bryan's attention to what is undoubtedly the most serious and disquieting development of the opposition to his nomination. We refer, of course, to the backward somersault and high dive achieved by Gov. Johnson at Old Point Comfort on Saturday last. This important political event deserves consideration in some detail. We find the salient features in a special telegram to the Richmond Times-Dispatch of Sunday:

"Old Point, Va., May 25.—Taking his first water plunge in the hotel swimming pool this afternoon, Gov. John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, performed an athletic stunt so truly remarkable for a forty-seven-year-old amateur that a distinguished party of Richmond hotel guests had to divert without knowing the identity of the tall figure in blue. He slipped quietly into the place with the desire of quietly noting the stock suit fitting him as snugly as his birthday garb. Before the crowd realized that it was to see a national aquatic artist, the governor mounted the springboard. Reversing the plan usually followed by high divers, he cried to his companion to close away, and then turned a backward somersault, going high into the air, and hitting the water with the grace and dignity of a star.

"As the crowd applauded, the governor swam about with long overland strokes. Delighted with his cleverness, he challenged his friend to duplicate the feat, though, as he said, he could do so to strike the water flat. Then, to show him how easily it could be done, the Minnesota executive turned another.

"After remaining in the water for fifteen minutes he came out refreshed and hungry for a bite."
It was the governor's first essay in salt water, but he made a hit and a splash. Two railroad presidents, a Federal judge, a United States district attorney, and the lieutenant governor of Virginia took the measure of the natural prodigy. According to our informant, he was the object of more curiosity than friendly interest. "He modestly retired" from the public gaze, subsequently reappearing with a stronger conviction than ever that the Democratic party needs a winner—with recent on the winner. A self-confident fellow, this Scandinavian swimmer; a fine figure in a bathing suit, and master of the backward somersault, "going high into the air and hitting the water with the grace and dignity of a star!"

His platform a diving board; his record writ in aqueous fluid, perishable, but impossible to forget!

We fully comprehend the joy with which this happy event was hailed at Johnson headquarters. In the midst of summertime athletics, what better proposition than that of an athletic hero—the hero of the high dive and the backward somersault—for President of a strenuous and athletic people? Mr. Bryan made the mistake of his life when he allowed himself to get fat. Mr. Taft labors in vain, afoot and on horseback to reduce superfluous weight. Both are heavily handicapped by the lissome Swede. He has the swimming pool to himself. The springboard is all his own. A Democrat whose stock in trade has not yet been made the mistake of his enemy.

We trust Mr. Bryan is keeping a close watch on the rising star of the political natatorium. He's in the swim, and he's going to take a plunge at Denver, even if he has to do it backward.

Georgia is trying to keep prohibition out of politics. It appears about as easy as getting the tariff out of the same thing.

Concerning Buttercups.

We fear the good doctors of this land—men in the main of noble intent and purpose—are going a little too far in their efforts to protect us against all manner of danger, imaginary and otherwise. Perhaps it isn't fair to include all of them in this seemingly sweeping though mild and good-natured indictment; but, at all events, some of them are going too far.

For instance, it is idle for them to advise people not to kiss babies; a belated reminder to kiss babies, which, perhaps, shouldn't. We know that germs are lurking everywhere. They are prone to pounce upon defenseless mortals at most unexpected moments, and attack us in most peculiar and ferocious manner; but even that won't prevent people from kissing babies, whenever and wherever babies are to be found that will stand for it. No doctor's jaw dixit can ward it off; the ukase of a czar would fail of its purpose in such regard.

It is this feeling that prompts us to view more with amused tolerance than alarm a physician's opinion as embodied in this item from the Philadelphia Bulletin:

"A physician is quoted as declaring that the picking of buttercups by children is a dangerous practice. The perils which this and preceding generations have survived without knowing anything about them must really have been appalling if only they had been viewed through sufficiently pessimistic spectacles."

We think the Bulletin is right in its comment. It requires pessimistic eyes to see the towering danger latent in the picking of buttercups by children. We don't believe many tots have been snatched because they were given to picking these attractive little flowers. We presume persons who are inclined to differ from us as to this nonscientific conclusion will bid their children let the buttercups severely alone. That is their right, of course. This is a free country. Others may balk at forbidding their children such an apparently innocent pastime, though they may seek to guard against miniature and microscopic hobgoblins by providing their young ones with nice little sprinkling-pots plentifully supplied with a bichloride solution or formaldehyde with which they may baptize the flowers before plucking.

All folks to their tastes, with especial latitude of opinion for ultra-nervous people, say we. Those who find danger in buttercup gathering will govern themselves accordingly. As for us, we should turn the children loose and bid them riot to their heart's content among all the flowers of spring and summer. Hang the germs! Let the kids enjoy themselves!

A Chicago scientist claims to be able to turn human beings into pure brass. This ought to insure us against famine in the supply of book agents, insurance solicitors, and theatrical advance agents.

Keep the Case Closed.

Let us hope that the judgment of the court that Harry K. Thaw is still insane and unfit to be at large will close for a long time to come the whole nauseous mess of Thaw's and Nesbitt's and the rest of them.

The Thaw case attracted wide attention for two reasons; one because of the peculiar circumstances leading up to the murder and the other because the murderer was a Pittsburgh millionaire supposed to have command of unlimited cash. Had the murderer of Stanford White been a poor man, it is doubtful, indeed, whether the question of his sanity when he committed deliberate murder would ever have been interjected into the case. But Thaw was able to adduce this plea; was able to substantiate it to the satisfaction of a court of law, and was very properly committed to the insane asylum where he belonged.

The logic of the case is nowhere better summed up than in the ruling of the judge before whom application was made for Thaw's release. He said:

"Thaw, at the time of his trial for homicide, as a defense, pleaded insanity, and presented proof to show his insanity at the time of the killing of White, and, by the proof offered on his behalf, the jury was convinced that he was insane, and acquitted him upon that ground.

"I am satisfied from the evidence adduced before me that the mental condition of Harry K. Thaw has not changed, and I find that he is now insane, and that it is so manifest as to make it unsafe for him to be at large."

Such sound judgment will have a salutary effect on those who may imagine that because of fortunes which permit the engagement of expert alienists, the courts of the land may be mocked. The court which commits Thaw back to the asylum does not dispute the finding that Thaw was insane when he murdered White—that much has been passed upon; but it does declare that there is no evidence that his mental condition is changed, and that if he was insane then, it is unsafe for him to be at large now.

Thaw has been treated mercifully, and, we hope, justly. There has been no vindictiveness in his prosecution; only an effort to arrive at the truth. That truth seems to be that he is an insane man, and that in spite of the money back of him, he must be restrained of his liberty for the benefit of society.

Too long have the affairs of the Thaws been allowed to occupy the public mind.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this insane criminal will be allowed to pass, he and his doings and his wife, out of the news of the day.

A European statesman says possession of the Philippines is the only thing that could ever involve this country in war. We do wish somebody would occasionally say something pleasant in connection with our proprietorship over there. It would be such a novel and delightful change.

The Army Sick List.

Maj. L. L. Seaman, who has taken as his specialty the work of the medical departments of various armies, and who made a most thorough investigation of the hospital conditions of the Japanese forces during the Russo-Japanese war, has an article in the current North American Review on "A crisis in the history of the American army," which is well worth considering by tax-paying laymen. Maj. Seaman thinks that the American people will hardly agree to the maintenance of a large standing army, and that therefore it is of the highest importance that such army as we do maintain should be the best and most efficient military system in existence.

We are very far from having that now, but Maj. Seaman declares that the most vulnerable point in our army is its medical department. The same thing, we believe, may be said of every existing army, and it has always been so; for, as Maj. Seaman says: "The record of wars for the last two centuries shows the mortality from disease to be five times greater than from casualties in battle; and that disease has decided the issue of more campaigns than have bullets." Statistics show, indeed, that of every 100 men who die during a war, twenty are the victims of the enemy and eighty the victims of disease. In the South African war the British losses by disease were ten times as great as those due to Boer bullets. In the Russo-Turkish war 80,000 men died from disease and only 20,000 from bullets. In the Crimean war the allies lost 50,000 men by disease and only 2,000 from bullets. Instances of this sort might be multiplied, not forgetting the deaths from disease during our own civil war, especially during the fatal period of waiting for the final battles in the Valley of the Chickamauga.

Bills have been drafted and presented providing for an increase in the medical staff of the army, but Maj. Seaman believes that there is no project on foot that will inject life into the department and force it to become up to date, ready and willing to take advantage of the late discoveries in sanitary science. He says very truly:

"The fundamental basis of any effective reform must contain a provision conceding to the medical authority in his own department; authority not to command troops, but to compel obedience to sanitary laws in barracks or camps, on the march or at home, so that they shall be able to respond to the command of others. Until this is done, the medical department will remain what it is today—a lamentable and deplorable failure, and all petty measures passed by Congress to increase its efficiency will avail nothing."

If proper sanitary regulations had been enforced by the medical department of the army during the Spanish war, we should not now be carrying on our pension rolls 24,000 pensioners, with some 18,000 claims still pending. Last year we paid out for pensions \$136,000,000, and this year the appropriation for the same purpose is \$150,000,000!

Even from the most selfish standpoint, therefore, the statements of Maj. Seaman are entitled to full and careful consideration. Prevention is better than cure; and surely it is only plain economy in these days, when it is hard to get men to enlist, to take care of the material we have, and by the aid of modern research and science to safeguard the soldier that he shall be an effective fighting man, as strongly armed against disease as he is against a foreign enemy.

A New Jersey man killed himself because three women claimed him as their husband. From this we infer that at least one of them was able to establish the truth of her allegation.

"There are 3,160,000 unemployed in this country," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Perhaps that is because so many people insist upon attending to so much business that doesn't concern them.

That Texas woman who has been asleep for ninety days will no doubt cheerfully admit that she never before spent such a pleasant time in that State.

There is one happy thought about supposed. You know you are not going to be seized with the spring-garden fever again for nine or ten months to come, anyhow.

An applicant for naturalization papers answered one of the questions asked him in this wise: "Congress is the law-making body of the country; God made it." This entitles him to go foot, and stay there until his brain expands to something like forty-seven times its present dimensions.

A Greek prince is hunting for in New York, expressing a desire for "anything likely to pay." If he could manage to secure some American millionaire pa-in-law to work. It would be quite likely to pay. The game generally pans out that way, we believe.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat thinks Luther Burbank may yet be able to make two votes grow where only one is supposed to grow. Even if he did, however, he would still be a good many laps behind the average Philadelphia politician.

Whenever it comes to a question of put up or shut up, the Sultan of Turkey invariably refuses to stay put.

Mr. Eddie Foy says, "Were Hamlet alive, he would not object to my portrayal of him." This declares affirmatively the problem of Hamlet's insanity.

A Savannah paper notes that a certain candidate for office down in its neck of the woods, who was "running on a platform of reforming the world," "failed to carry his home district." This doesn't necessarily show that the world isn't willing to be reformed; but it shows that the politicians are not going to be delegated all the responsibility for the job.

The recently spread report to the effect that Mr. Bryan doesn't like baseball was a dark, underhand trick of the enemy.

Hungarian beggars swarm about the Szachenyis in droves, so it is said. The count was never worried with that sort of thing before he married.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE MORAL.

He got him up a deal in wheat, and almost had to sell his shoes.

He did, in fact, part with his seat. It's tough to gamble when you lose.

He tried to corner plentiful then; exhausted every trick and ruse, but made a bust of it again. It's tough to gamble when you lose.

He has no money now to burn; his wad consists of ones and twos. We may from this a lesson learn. It's tough to gamble when you lose.

Tendency of the Times.

"It must be nice to be rich. Then, when your children marry, you can provide for them."

"Quite so," admitted the rich man. "And if you want an occasional divorce, you can buy it for them."

Mark of Distinction.

"Gogglebat seems to be getting pretty prominent."

"Has somebody called him a liar?"

Something Lacking.

"I ain't satisfied with the way they printed this speech," declared Congressman Wayback.

"Why, they sprinkled in plenty of laughter and applause."

"Yes. But how about all them gestures?"

To Graduates.

Beyond the Alps lies Italy. We're getting tired of this refrain. I offer you a new one free: Beyond the Pyrenees lies Spain.

A Theory.

"Why do the fashions change so frequently?"

"I don't know. It may be they're trying to elude some of the people who follow them."

And Making Good.

"Yes, I'm working for the uplift now."

"Noble man! And what are you doing?"

"Running a freight elevator."

Nothing Wasted.

"That was a nice chicken joke you prepared yesterday."

"Yes," said the press humorist, "and I think I can work it over into a hash joke for to-morrow."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Near a Bad Bargain.

The agent of the titled wooer found that the ambitious American girl had only \$100.00 a year.

Of course, he advised his principal to withdraw.

"But," insisted the latter, "I could scrape along on \$100.00 a year."

"Possibly, but who'd support your wife?"

Even love could put forth no argument against this.

Either Way High.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I can get you a divorce with or without publicity."

"Which would be more expensive?"

"No difference. It costs about as much to get people to talk as to induce them to keep still."

Satisfied.

The elderly man gave his consent. "But my daughter always insisted that she wanted a husband with a title," he added.

"Well, I showed her my two," replied the young man. "One was to a town house and the other to a place in the country."

A Case of Nerve.

"My little poem," said the visitor, "the one that I handed in yesterday—what did you think of it?"

"Excellent," said the editor heartily, "really splendid. But it's a singular coincidence that Tennyson wrote the same poem about fifty years ago."

"He did!" exclaimed the visitor. "What an awful nerve he had!"

Modernity.

The young grandmother was indignant at her son-in-law.

"Your presumption in becoming a father is beyond forgiveness," she said.

Not even the suggestion that precedents could be cited seemed to soothe her.

Too Late.

"So you discovered the north pole?"

"I can hardly claim that," replied Peary modestly, "but I was there."

"What do you mean?"

"Why I found that a miner had poled in from Alaska and was using the pole as a stake at one corner of his claim."

Another Argument.

"Gentlemen," said the Western Senator, "I cannot agree with my honorable colleague who would allow the forests to be leveled. We need them. The tree, sir, is the very bulwark of our civilization. Deprived of the tree, what would happen?"

"Floods," I hear a voice announce; but, gentlemen, there would be a worse condition. In a treeless land what could we hang hogs thieves on? Tell me that, you despoilers of nature's gifts."

But, of course, there was nothing to say.

TREATIES, NOT SHIPS.

Four More Agreements Would Stop War Chances.

From the Ohio State Journal.

The United States has three arbitration treaties which she has made since the second Hague peace convention, one with Great Britain, one with Mexico, and the other with Japan. It is possible, under these treaties to avoid war absolutely.

If we succeed in making four more treaties, namely, with Germany, Austria, France, and Russia, we needn't put another dollar in war ships; at least, to build up a greater navy.

These treaties are not vigorous and all-absorbing affairs, but a nation peaceably disposed can make use of them and avoid war absolutely. It will depend much upon the sort of diplomacy we have. If it is the obstreperous and arrogant kind, it may not avoid war. If it is the refined and Christian kind, it will be easy to stave off bloody conflict.

There are hopes of entering into cordial relations with these four great nations; and that the world will be accustomed to these paths of peace, and ready to make them the broad highways of all nations, before the third Hague tribunal will meet. Then universal arbitration will be decreed, and disarmament will follow, as the day follows the night.

Pleasure Statesmanship.

From the New York Evening Post.

It is not the sharp contrivances or the angry recriminations of Representatives in Congress that impress the popular mind, so much as large and sober policies painstakingly wrought into law. Compared with such comprehensive plans of legislation as Gov. Hughes has fashioned, or President Roosevelt's far-reaching schemes in reference to irrigation, and forest preservation and the improvement of our waterways, all the jollifications of the Republicans at Washington over their success in putting the Democrats in a parliamentary hole, are but as the cracking of thorns under a foot.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is the

dog of good English in the United States Senate. Every resolution and bill passes his critical eye, and should any

superior words appear, he sees to it that they are omitted. Senator

Tillman introduced a resolution early this session which did not meet with the approval of the Massachusetts Senator, as far as the language was concerned, and he at once called the

South Carolinian's attention to the fact. Senator Tillman arose and said: "I turn the resolution over to the learned gentleman from Massachusetts, and I trust he will change the wording so as to meet the approval of his

trained mind. He knows how to word it better than I do."

Senator Lodge is a native of Boston, born there fifty-eight years ago. After leaving a private school, he entered college and graduated from Harvard in 1871. Four years later he graduated from the Harvard Law School. He has received all kinds of degrees, from all kinds of institutions of learning. He is well known in the literary world, and his historical productions are recognized as standard works of the world over. Historical societies in every part of the United States have his name on their list of members. Mr. Lodge has had training as a legislator, along with his literary attainments.

For two terms he was a member of the Massachusetts State Legislature, a member of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Congresses, and was elected to the Senate while still a member of the House, to succeed Hon. Henry L. Dawes. This is his third term as a Senator. He was permanent chairman of the Republican national convention that nominated McKinley and Roosevelt.

He was chairman of committee on resolutions at the convention of 1894. He was appointed by President Roosevelt a member of the Alaskan Boundary Commission. Mr. Lodge is the one Senator who is really close to President Roosevelt.

Both are graduates of Harvard, both are literary geniuses, and have many other characteristics in common. Senator Lodge is one of the best Senators, and his committee assignments are of the best.

THE ENERGY AND self-assertion of Senator Beveridge in the last few days has outraged the sense of the fitness of things Senatorial which is entertained by the "oldsters" in that body, where youth is expected to sit worshipfully at the feet of hoary age; and in several instances the Indiana Senator, who has been trying to get through several measures the enactment of which the President is anxious, has drawn from his older colleagues of the anti-administration stripe plain signs of irritation. The culmination came yesterday.

Having dragged through three weary hours of monotonous reading of unimportant matters, demanded by Senator Aldrich in order to get to the legislative business, the President's friends, and having listened to a farcical debate between Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Hale as to the propriety of the House to wear a hat in its chamber, the Senate took a recess, having likewise endured a debate on the government liability bill, with the foreknowledge that nothing was to come of it so long as the leaders could prevent the Senators who had remained during most of the session, few as they were, had about all they wanted of such a session, when Mr. Aldrich endeavored to secure an executive session.

Mr. Beveridge, who wanted to get the liability bill through, immediately objected, and when the objection was persisted in Mr. Hale demanded a division. This going against him, Mr. Beveridge demanded a roll call, but an insufficient number of Senators seconding the motion, Mr. Beveridge lost the vote. He then argued with the Vice President as to the number of seconds. In the midst of this Mr. Hale got impatient.

"Some things," he said, with emphasis, "can be done without the Senator from Indiana."

But then somebody suggested the absence of a quorum, which had been apparent all day, and Mr. Aldrich perforce moved an adjournment—the only motion in order under the circumstances.

It is no easy task to talk to empty benches, but Senator Fulton is an adept at the business. The way he goes at it leads one to think it is easy. He emphasizes, gesticulates, rises, and lowers his voice just the same as if the seats were all occupied. A splendid opportunity for testing the acoustics of the Senate chamber and practicing declamation.

The words of the Indiana Senator, who, feeling that duty demanded the presence, listened to him while he was expounding the justice of the various claims in the omnibus claims bill Senators Aldrich and Teller were there for the Democrats, and Senator Keam for the Republicans. Occasionally Senator Keam would come in with his smile, look around, see there was no danger from Beveridge, and retreat to the cloak room, while Senator Fulton talked on and on.

The terrors of the House roll call were viewed in entirety in a speech made yesterday by Representative Hardy, of Texas. He was pluming himself and his party upon the results accomplished by the Williams filibuster.

"I fancy," he said, "that when the end of all things has come, and Gabriel shall have blown his last trumpet, these gentlemen on the other side will come up to the gates of Paradise, and St. Peter will ask them:

"Why have ye done these things ye ought not to have done, and left undone the things ye ought to have done?" And they will answer:

"John Sharp Williams called the roll, and we could do nothing else." (Great laughter.)

Then the Democrats will march through the gates, and when we have got inside, we'll call the roll once more, and, thank God, you won't be there." (Laughter and applause.)

Representative Hamlin, of Missouri, diverted the House by illustrating the immonesty of the appropriations made at this session of Congress.

The amount of appropriations is \$1,023,000,000. In twenty-dollar gold pieces this weighs 1,531 tons.

Allowing one ton to a load, it would require a train of wagons seven and one-half miles long to transport it. To pack it on men's backs, allowing 150 pounds to a man, would require every Representative who voted for Speaker Cannon's election as a Representative, and 1,240 Democratic besides.

Cleveland's Beauty Legs.

From the Baltimore News.

A coterie of Cleveland women have taken up a new fad—walking barbed wire in the woods and along country roads, in order to become as beautiful as the maidens of ancient Greece. This is simply the open-work stocking in process of evolution.

MALODOROUS PLATT.

From the Hartford Courant.

New York once sent to the Senate such men as Rufus King, Philip Schuyler, Gouverneur Morris, De Witt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, and Silas Wright—as Daniel S. Dickinson, John A. Dix, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish, Preston King, and Edwin D. Morgan. At present her

commissioned spokesmen in the Senate are Thomas C. Platt and Chauncey M. Depue. We have to say the news of finding in a New York courtroom, and in an exceptionally malodorous litigation, that it's the woman in the case—and not New York's senior Senator—who has been committing perjury upon the witness stand about an alleged marriage ceremony of sorts on the premises of a hotel. But what shred of dignity is left to the aged Senator by his own testimony in the case?

From the Baltimore News.

Now, the character of Mr. Platt has not been suddenly disclosed. The people who made him Senator knew him for what he was. He gained the honor by his grip on the organization, and it was composed largely of the men who are now occupying the Presidential chair and amazed at his hardihood in contesting their supremacy. If Mr. Hughes has done nothing else, he has awakened the public conscience in New York so that it will not be possible to send another Platt to succeed the one who now disgraces the State.

From the Springfield Republican.

Senator Platt having been handsomely acquitted of the crime of two wives in one package, will be absent from the Republican national convention for the simple reason that he does not care to go. Had he said the word, faithful old Tioga would undoubtedly have sent him as one of its delegates. Mr. Platt has not missed a Republican national convention hitherto since 1872, and the next one will not miss him.

From the Springfield Republican.

The fact that the hero of the narrative—if he is a moral monster—like Platt can be called a member of the United States Senate, the greatest legislative body in